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"Whatener hath been writtten
shall remain,
Nor be erased, nor writtten
e'er again;
The unwritten only still
belongs to thee,
Take heed therefore and
ponder well,
What that shall be."



OCTOBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED SIXTEEN

VOLUME IV

NUMBER I

Taylor Improvement Association

Upland, Indiana

PURPOSES

For the improvement of real estate, streets and sewerage; the promotion of building enterprise; the beautifying of the University Addition of Upland, Indiana; to seek to interest worthy persons to buy and build, and to make this community their home center. And further to engage in such activities as shall make the community around Taylor University modern, beautiful and inviting.

GENERAL OFFICERS

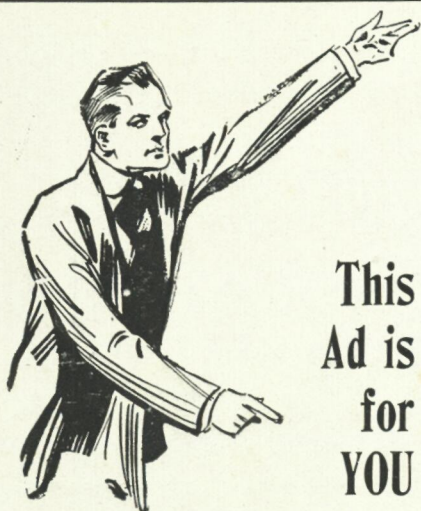
G. W. RIDOUT, President, I. B. PEAVEY and JEP JENSEN, Vice Presidents;
EDWARD E. NIETZ, Secretary, B. W. AYRES, Treasurer

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN

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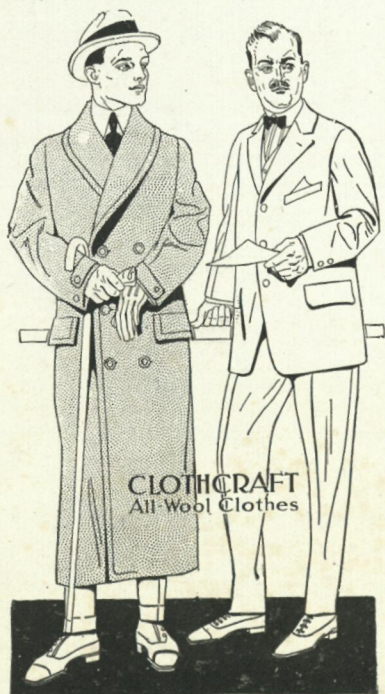
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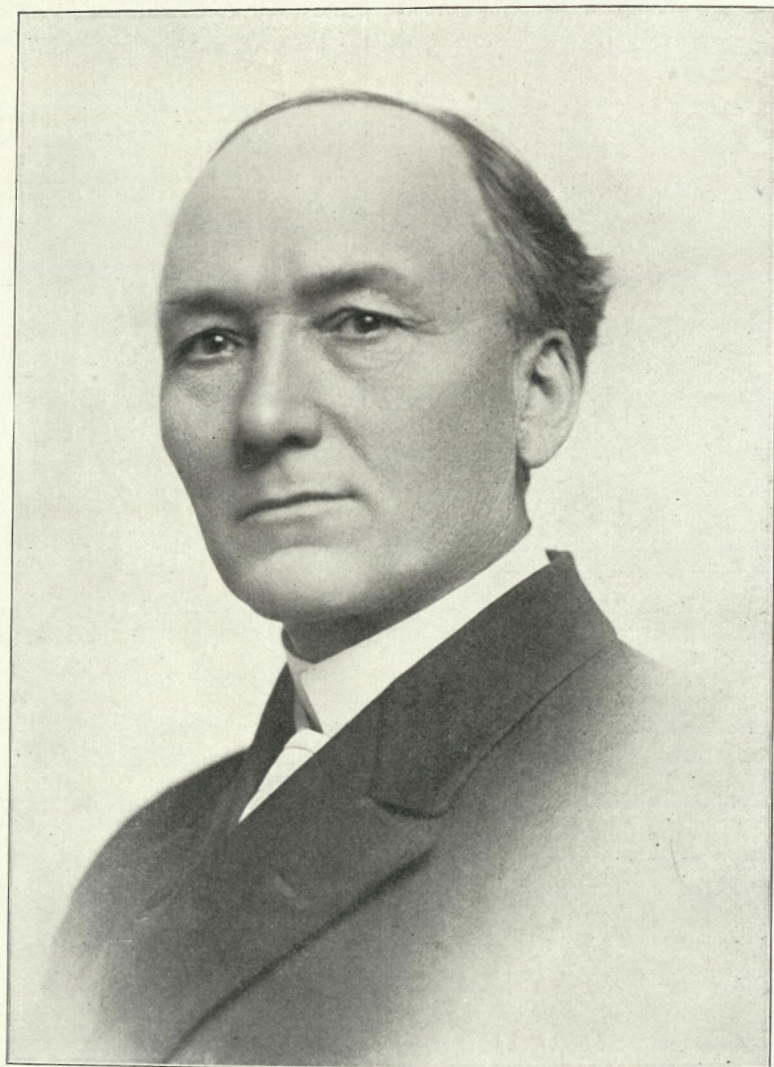
\$12.50 to \$25.00

The Golden Eagle

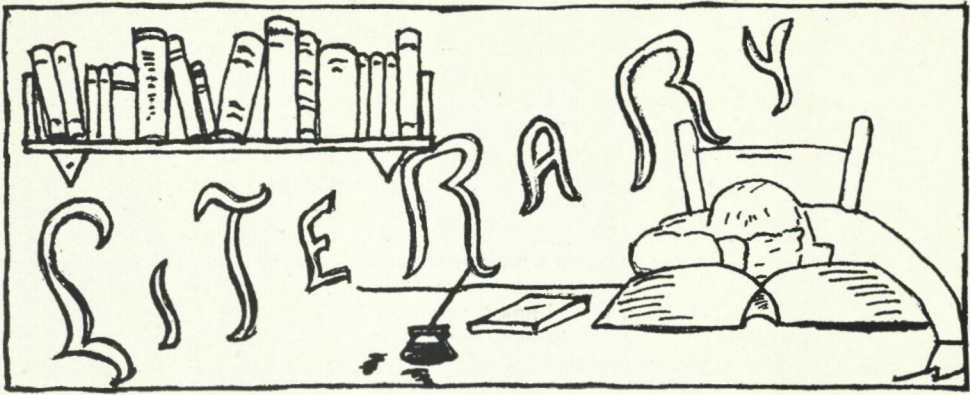
UPLAND

GAS CITY

Quality Superior Finish at **Dexheimer's**



Monroe Vayhinger, D.D., President.



The Maple Leaves

J. A. H.

The maple leaves to yellow turn,
While summer slowly fades away;
And autumn shadows hover low
As night-fall shades the waning day.
Their colors blend in deeper hues,
Each day they wear a darker gown;
The yellow gives itself to gold,
And gold at last to red and brown.

Now back to brighter summer days
They turn with longing, solemn thought,
When in their verdant splendor clothed
Of grief and sorrow they knew naught;
The blended blue in sunny space
Scarce ever gloom or sighing knew,
Except when nature, pleased with all,
Shed tears of joy in rain and dew.

A crested comrade oft has found
A tranquil shelter for the night,
Or through the blissful summer days
A home of peace and pure delight;
And there beneath that shady bower
He sings a song of love and praise,
While down upon his mate and young
The trickling sun-light gently plays.

O kindly leaves! your life has been
A joy and help to those around;
Each yellow leaf, each bird and beast
Has comfort in your presence found.
Your duty to the branchy world
You well have done,—all in your power,
You've given strength and helped to build,
Till now it stands a stately bower.

And then, when frost allied with death
 First nipped your tender bloom of life,
 How subtly did it come! and still
 You struggled onward in the strife.
 What grief it seemed that life should go,
 When all around friends still remain,
 And other life, in joy and hope,
 Still sings for you a soft refrain.

But e'en when life clings firm and fast
 And from its sight you dread to go,
 Fierce raging winds, by death set free,
 Around about you deadly flow;
 Away in space your life ascends,
 Your bent and wrinkled forms remain,
 And flickering sadly, slowly, go
 Down to the earth from whence they came.

And there in shapeless heaps they lie—
 The thought to rise, oh, nevermore!—
 While all around them still remain
 The forms of those who've gone before.
 Soon skies above shall o'er them weave
 A downy robe in crystal dressed;
 And there beneath, all silent, still,
 They slumber on in perfect rest.

A Trip With a Peck of Trouble

At the request of one of our professors, a number of the English twelve students hied themselves away to the county seat of Grant county, a few days ago, in order that they might see and hear the much talked of candidate for the Presidency of the United States, Mr. Charles Evans Hughes. Owing to the arrangement of our classes there were some of us who could not take advantage of the transportation facilities offered by the railroad company and jitney buss line, so two of us, Mr. Wilcox and the writer, made arrangements whereby we were to be taken to the scene of action in Mr. Schlarb's new automobile, that worthy gentleman—to act as chauffeur. The start was made in excellent style, but the first mile of the trip developed carburetor trouble, and ere there were many more such miles made there developed some temperamental trouble among the three young gentlemen before mentioned. The carburetor played havoc with the gasoline, but for some reason the engine refused to put any amount of rapid revolution into the rear wheels and as a result we piddled along the road at a ten mile gait and stalled on dinkey ten per cent hills. At last Schlarb said: "Something's the matter boys. It must be fixed." This was very evident, so at a suitable place in the road the buz wagon was stopped and our driver did some work, or better a little guessing, on the mixer of gas and air, which luckily resulted in an increased amount of speed. This gave us such joy that we cried "Eureka!"—that is Wilcox and I did; but Schlarb objected to such a term being used in his presence, since he is a Eulogonion. Wilcox and I held a private conference and decided that it would be more logical, and therefore more befitting good debaters, to sacrifice some

*Besides its mildly suitable Greek meaning, this is also the name of one of the debating clubs, Eulogonian being the other.

of our debating club loyalty and keep the driver in good humor, than to have to sit through the long, cold hours of the coming night, nursing a broken down temperament, so we yelled Eulogionian—and then the pesky car came to a dead stop! More tinkering accompanied by murmurings and the fleeting of precious minutes followed this hold-up, and then we were away again at another snail's pace toward Marion. Slowly the miles slipped by us, but we kept up our courage by singing, and longing for long hills whose declivity would favor our more rapid progress. It was now time for the speaking, but we figured that with steady running we would not be more than fifteen minutes late. But how uncertain are the calculations of man when weighed against the antics of a second hand automobile! A cylinder missed, then another and with a chug—puff—whiff, locomotion ceased entirely and we came to a dead stop on the outskirts of the city. Investigation proved that we were out of gasoline, so Schlarb immediately ran to a nearby grocery, procured some gas and we were soon on the last lap of a most desperate effort to hear Charles E. Hughes tell us about the good intentions with which the way to the Presidency of the U. S. is paved. That last lap was done in terrapin fashion for sure, but at last we arrived just thirty minutes late for the speech of the afternoon. That is, we got there thirty minutes after it was supposed to have begun; but the ex-Governor's train, like all good campaign trains, was somewhat late and we had to wait an hour after our arrival, for the coming of the presidential candidate.

During half the hour of our patient (?) waiting we were entertained by the antics of a very demonstrative political speaker, who seemed to have plenty to say but very little for one to listen to. I must not criticize the man too severely, however, for the wind—evidently a Democratic wind—was against him and his voice did not carry out into the crowd as far as I was standing. I “deciphered” only two words of his speech. These two words came at different intervals, and then only at such times as the wind ceased its attempts at breaking up the political gathering. The first word was one which I do not care to put on paper, but which the English-speaking people use to designate the lower regions of the spirit world. Following immediately upon the heels of this came the proper noun Hughes; and being in a political muddle it was hard to determine whether or not these two terms were in any way related, connected, conjoined or correlative.

At the close of this speech the local manager of affairs announced that Mr. Hughes would arrive in ten minutes. — — — — — The dashes indicate a wait of twenty minutes, followed by another report of, “Just eight minutes, ladies and gentlemen.” Another long series of dashes indicating extended waiting might be put down, but it could in no way visualize the muttered declarations of the crowd, so I refrain from any attempt at representation. Then in the midst of all this wiggling, wondering, epithet-spiced waiting, there suddenly struck upon our ears the blare of tin trumpets—and a moment later the ex-Governor of New York came to the platform.

The speech in full is reported, in all seriousness and in an able manner, in another column of this magazine. I will therefore content myself with reporting in a manner somewhat different than that used by paper correspondents. Mr. Hughes said in substance, that (a) $1+1=1$; (b) history always repeats itself; (c) that the wheels of industry can be kept whirling only if greased with P. T. and the Democratic regime is not far from soup kitchens, but a long way from the Tipperary of Prosperity.

Afterward we spent some time with Schlarb, who was trying to get the automobile dealer to return into his keeping the elusive silver dollars which had gone in payment for that hateful old gas wagon. The dealer refused, however, and Schlarb went for a ride over town to prove to the agent the reason for his desiring his money. Wilcox and I waited so long that we had a half mile sprint to catch our train. The goal of our

-
- (a) Republicans + Progressives = Republican party again.
 - (b) The Republican party will soon be in power.
 - (c) P. T. = Protective Tariff.

long run was standing in the station when we arrived out of breath and very hot. Fearing that the conveyance might start before we could get to the opposite side, the doors on the north side being closed, I suggested that we slip through the mail car. This suggestion was quickly acted upon, but we no sooner found ourselves within the confines of that place than we heard the cries of the enraged postal clerk, who used other than Sunday School language to express his thoughts of us and our presence in a mail car.

"Get the blankety blank blank out of here," he cried.

"We are gone," with the emphasis upon gone, were the words we hurled back at him as we fled through the mail car door into the smoker and to safety. We were saved! yes, preserved unto days of future usefulness by the dense smoke of that smoker.

BARTON R. POGUE.

The Olde English Ballade of Noah and the Arke

In days of olde
Ere the worlde grewe colde,
When all was brighte and newe,
The patriarch sate
On Ararat
And gazed o'er the sea of blue.

He sate on a sacke
And his thoughts flewe backe
Full fortie days longue paste,
O'er timen of floode
Thru yearen of bloode,
To the dawne of life at laste.

He thought of the yearen
Of worke and of tearen
In building safetie's Arke;
One hundred and twentie
It was right plentie
He coulde not but remarke.

And men they scoffed
And men they laughed;
Their only helpe was jeering.
They called him foole,
Lorde of Misrule,
But Noah was brave and daring.

He wente his way
To his worke each day
And a laste rewarde was wone;
The Arke was builte
As fine as silke
For Noah's ship was done.

He was forspente
Mistress Noah was bente
Their sons were graye and worne.

Now youthe hadde fledde
 And joy was deade
 And life seemed drear,—forlorne.

In days more newe
 A band less fewe
 Were buildynge a dormitorie
 For girles fair
 And debon aire
 A measure of reformatorie.

The yearen fledde
 And some were deade
 And still 'twas never done.
 The girles grew
 And faded away
 Still the laborers worked on.

And students scoffed
 And students laughed;
 When yearen had passed the marke,
 One hundred and twentie
 'Twas done and right plentie
 And they called it "The Olde Maide's Arke."
 W. F. P.

The Outcasts

We are intensely practical. The unordinary, the strange and the weird have little part in our lives. So practical are we that in the ever-swirling, surging maelstrom of every-day life we may brush shoulders with a man day after day, year after year, and yet know very little about him. We never seek to know about his life, for—what practical results could we attain?

The strange stories of the Civil war have never half been told; we have not taken time to tell them. In fact the South is yet the unknown part of our nation. Not long since I spent some months in the southern part of Florida. The little city in which I stayed was like a link uniting the past with the present. Situated on the frontier of the prairie it was naturally the provision station for all that part of the country. Homesteaders would come for forty miles in their prairie schooners to get their provisions there; great, lanky, sun-burnt fellows they were, with six-shooters in their hip pockets and Winchesters across their arms; rough men, with rough voices, oath-punctuated language and uncouth ways; but yet with generous hearts throbbing under their kaki shirts.

Then the cow boys brought their cattle from the ranches far out on the prairie into the city for shipment. After a hilarious night in town, they would wind their way back, back past the last sign post of 20th century civilization, back to the depths of the great prairie which bathed itself in the baking rays of a tropical sun; there to bury themselves from the busy world of hustle and bustle, birth and death, invention and destruction, until the next rounding up day brought them to town again.

North of us stretched orange grove after orange grove: groves which had been planted long before the Civil war; great green patches flecked with yellow, waving in the Gulf breeze and beckoning to the weary pilgrim like oases in a burning desert; beckoning for him to come, rest his weary body and cool his parched tongue, quench

his thirst and satisfy his hunger with their golden fruit. And twenty-five miles south of us, rolling in the sunlight, rushing in the storm, bearing scores of ships upon her breast, lay the beautiful, rippling, treacherous Gulf of Mexico.

Below us also were the Gasparilla Swamps, with their hordes of hissing diamond rattlers and moccassins, and scores of tall blue cranes, myriads of ducks, hundreds of sleepy loathesome alligators, dozens of long, bony, gray squirrels, flocks of wild turkeys, and lizards over everything and everywhere. Now and then a deer could be seen bounding from tuft to tuft, or the heavy tread of a black bear could be heard, looking for succulent tubers. Sometimes the yellow gleam of a panther would shoot downward through the limbs of the gigantic live oak, as that animal would nimbly leap among the branches or bury himself behind some solemn festoon of gray moss. If you were in this swamp at night, a myriad of animal voices would assail your ear; for the hum of a million mosquitos, the croak of ten thousand frogs, the harsh notes of the turtle, the rumbling bellow of the alligators, the bark of a fox, and the wavering, pitiful wail of the panther, all blend together in the voluminous vesper anthem of Gasparilla Swamp.

Then there was Gasparilla Island near by. An old man buried a treasure there many years ago and they have searched for it diligently, almost ever since. A legend has been handed down from father to son, telling just where the treasure is buried. Lately a delicate needle, so adjusted as to point downward whenever it was placed over gold, was procured. Strange to say, this needle always tips just at the spot where the legend says the gold is buried. Nobody can live on this island; many have tried to, but were always burned out; something, they say, guards the treasure.

On our east side, back of the great prairie, lie the Everglades: hundreds of acres of fertile soil, crossed by none save the dark skinned Seminole, as he tends his traps, or tracks the deer; a wild country, the retreat of outlaws, and the last earthly hunting ground of the once proud followers of the mighty Ocala.

All this, food for a hundred romances! Yet nobody cares to write about it; it is not practical.

* * * * *

On the outskirts of this little city, so romantically situated, stands an old, dilapidated-looking house. The chance passer-by would probably see no house there, for it is built on the corner farthest from the road, in a large lot which is covered with shrubbery. Along the front of the lot are clumps of tall stately bamboo.

If you were to open the rickety old gate, and step into the narrow winding path, you would be very likely to shiver; although the hot semi-tropical sun may be beating ever so hard upon the white sand outside in the road, yet inside this vine-tangled lot it is cool and damp, with an uncanny dampness. Should you walk deeper into the tangle, you would notice the coolness deepen and the dampness become more uncanny; and suddenly when you find yourself on the edge of a clearing, gazing at a rustic southern house with roomy verandas, and climbing vines after the fashion of the old southern plantation mansion, you would feel that you had entered another world.

This old house far back in the lot aroused my curiosity, and I made inquiry about its inhabitants. The young men of my acquaintance told me that a Mrs. Higgins with her daughter lived there and that both mother and daughter were insane and never appeared in public except closely veiled.

People said that Bob Higgins had been one of the handsomest young men of all that community; his mother died when he was born, leaving him and his father, "Old Colonel Higgins", alone. The Colonel owned a fine estate and Bob was his only child. When Bob grew to manhood he was straight as an arrow, with well toughened muscles, a fine pair of brown eyes, and a head of as beautiful brown hair as was ever touched by a comb. He was a good shot, a good singer, liked to dance, and made friends with everyone. When he was twenty-two his father died, leaving him a large estate, some \$20,000 in bonds, and considerable ready cash. Within three years he

had "run through" with all the money and the greater part of the estate. He would frequently go away on long trips. From one of these trips he returned with a bride. He then settled down in the old home and tried to patch up the estate; but the wild life he had led had so encumbered the property that nearly all was lost. He kept trying to keep up appearances, however, until the outbreak of the Civil War.

This much of the story aroused my curiosity and I determined to visit the old place and see what more I could learn. So one hot Friday afternoon I took my camera and after a round-about walk came to the side of the Higgins' lot opposite the road. I crawled through a hole in the fence and began worming my way through the tangle of vines, small trees and bushes. The place was cool and quite restful after my brisk walk in the hot sun, but as I pushed deeper into the vines and bushes I almost began to shiver. It seemed that such a damp, dark, uncanny old spot would be a fit abiding place for "haunts", or spirits, if such things exist. Suddenly I was aroused from my musings by coming face to face with a cultured looking, elderly lady, who was plucking some fruit from a small tree. I immediately doffed my hat and bowed and begged pardon for trespassing upon her premises, adding that the sun was very hot and the shade of her foliage exceedingly inviting. While I was talking I noted that her large black eyes were taking in every detail of my dress, manners and general appearance. When I had finished speaking she said in a soft gentle voice with a tinge of foreign accent, "Our visitors are very rare and I am sure that you are welcome to the shade."

I thanked her and said, "My name is Francis Blake; to whom, may I ask, am I indebted for this favor?"

"My name is Mrs. Higgins," she answered.

"Mrs. Higgins," said I, "I am collecting the biographical sketches of all the confederate officers whose names are marked by valour; will you not tell me the story of yourself and your husband?"

She was silent for a few moments, and then slowly said, "You may come next Sunday afternoon and I will tell you of Mr. Higgin's life."

With eager expectation of an interesting story I walked, on the next Sunday afternoon, up the winding path which led to the old Higgins mansion. Mrs. Higgins herself opened the door at my knock, and bade me enter. I stepped into a typical southern drawing-room. A large fire place filled one end of the room; the furniture was old and somewhat dilapidated, but still showed the grain of the excellent wood from which it was made. An old piano stood in one corner and near it was music rack of pure mahogany; the floor was bare of rugs, but was polished until it fairly shone. But what attracted my attention most was the pictures hanging upon walls. Large, almost life sized portraits of men and women looked down upon us. Stately old gentlemen dressed in frills and ruffles frowned at us; gay winsome young belles smiled; tall handsome young fellows in skin tight trousers and cocked hats, eyed us haughtily, and two old generals with swords by their sides and spy glasses in their hands glared at me from under their shaggy brows as though fifty years had not slipped quietly by and the blue and gray had not long since been wrapt in rose leaves and folded away in old bureau drawers. So much did the room bespeak the old dignity and honor of the South, so strong was the atmosphere of the past, that it seemed as if I had stepped back fifty years and was a contemptible "yank" who had come unbidden into a gathering of Rebel nobility.

I was ushered back to the 20th century by Mrs. Higgins, who said, "Please be seated, Mr. Blake."

For a time we sat in silence, then she said: "The time is passing and I suppose I had better begin my story. For a long time I thought I would always keep it a secret, but I am getting old and will soon die; and I feel that it is best to tell it to someone and get advice that will probably be of value to my daughter."

I bowed in silence.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Blake; some of my experiences are very sad to me and to recall them without weeping is almost impossible."

MRS. HIGGINS' STORY.

"I was born in South America, near Buenos Ayres. My father was a Spanish plantation owner. I do not remember my mother, for she was killed in an accident when I was only a year old. I remember that during my childhood days I was with my father nearly all the time; he seemed to delight in taking me with him wherever he went. I rode with him, drove with him, boated with him, and evenings I would sing out in the cool air, on the broad veranda. When nine o'clock came, he would pick me up and carry me upstairs to my room; then he would kiss me and say, "Run along to bed, now, little girl, and be up bright and early tomorrow to go with me over the plantation." Sometimes when he bade me goodnight, his voice would be husky, and I could see tears glitter in his eyes; then I knew that he was thinking of my mother; but he never said anything about her; and I, not knowing what to say, kept silent.

"I well remember when I left home to go to school. I had cried myself to sleep the night before and when father came upstairs that morning, I begged him to let me stay on the plantation with him; but he was firm and said I must have an education; so I was sent to the city to the Catholic Boarding School for girls.

"When I had finished at this school, my father sent me abroad to complete my education. He furnished me plenty of money and my chaperone was very lenient, so I had a gay time. I often wondered how I ever remained chaste in the company of my pleasure-seeking associates, for many of them did not seem to value virtue as they should have done; but my thoughts were pure and girlish and I was innocent of the coarser sides of life.

"After two years of travel and study I came home. I was a full grown woman then and my father was more proud of me than ever. Again we rode, drove and boated together; and in the evenings I would play and sing for him. One day father brought a young man named Higgins home to dinner with him. Mr. Higgins was the handsomest man I had ever seen, with a fine high forehead and broad shoulders. He was well dressed and had a charming way of slurring his R's which I liked. After dinner father went to take his noon-day siesta and Mr. Higgins and I went out to sit in the shade of a wide-spreading oak, which stood in front of the house. He told me of his home, and his father's death; and before I knew it, I was wonderfully interested in him. He was different from other men. He did not try to flirt with me but seemed very earnest and serious minded. I, too, was different when I was with him. I do not know just why, but I did not feel as I did when with other men. He remained two weeks and before he went away I had promised to be his wife. I told father about it and he looked very serious and said, 'Daughter, I am afraid this ought not to have been.' I thought that he only dreaded losing me; but the next day he asked me to drive with him over to the north side of the plantation and on the way he told me the story of my mother."

At this moment the door opened behind me; Mrs. Higgins instantly rose and said, "Mr. Blake, allow me to introduce my daughter." I turned and started. The daughter was a negress!—Recovering myself, I bowed to the younger woman. She was a mulatto with the refined air and gentle voice of the mother. After asking the daughter to remain with us, Mrs. Higgins resumed her story.

* * * * *

THE FATHER'S STORY.

"When I was sixteen years old my father left Spain and bought this plantation in South America and came here to live. He bought about fifty slaves with the plantation. Among these was a beautiful octoroon girl. You could never have told by looking at her that she had even the faintest strain of negro blood running through

her veins. She had brown eyes, brown hair, and full rosy cheeks. She was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen. Not only was she beautiful, but her stately manners and womanly ways betrayed an ancestry of nobility and refinement. I suppose her father had been of some aristocratic family and her mother had been a slave.

"The more I saw of the girl, the more I admired her, and I began meeting her in secret, and soon told her that I loved her. I knew that my father would never consent to my marrying a slave, so we decided to run away and be married and then come home and beg his forgiveness. About that time my father was called back to Spain, and on the way his vessel was caught by a storm, and has never been heard from. As soon as the news reached us that the ship was lost, in spite of my mother's protest I married the octoroon girl. That octoroon girl was your mother."

* * * * *

"For some time we drove in silence. Then father said, 'In the States, where Higgins lives, it would be considered an eternal disgrace for a white man to marry anyone with even the slightest strain of colored blood in her veins; for the least strain of negro blood will sometimes show itself after many generations. Your children may have the full characteristics of the negro race.

'I will tell young Higgins all about it, and will see to it that you are not blamed in the least. I am going to New Orleans in about a month and will take the boat over to Fort Myers and go by stage to see him.'

"I knew that when father had decided about anything it was useless to try to change him; and that night I packed some of my clothes in a satchel and slipped from my room. It was damp and dark, but I knew where my pony was kept in the barn and where my saddle hung. Soon I had him out in the road and in a short time we were galloping toward the city. I had heard my father say at noon, that a fruit ship was going to leave Buenos Ayres for New Orleans that morning. I left a note on the dining room table, saying that I had decided to catch the early coach and go to visit some of my boarding school friends. As I had been talking for some time of going to see these girls, I was sure that father would believe what I had written.

When I reached the edge of the town I turned my pony around and started him for home. I then walked swiftly toward the wharf, arriving just in time to board the ship. I told the Captain that my mother was very ill in New Orleans and that I must get to her as soon as possible. My good clothes and dignified bearing must have convinced him that I was telling the truth, for he gave me the best berth on board and did everything in his power to make the voyage pleasant. In about a week we reached New Orleans. I then took a steamer to Fort Myers, and came up to Pampas by stage. One Monday evening about dusk, I walked up the same path you walked this afternoon, and knocked at the drawing room out there. A negro slave opened the door. I asked for Mr. Robert Higgins. Bob was greatly surprised to see me. I told him that father and I had had a quarrel and that I had left home. I asked him if he could secure a position for me somewhere here in the States. He said, "Yes, Jeannette, I can secure a position for you if you will accept it." We were married that evening.

"As soon as could I wrote to father, telling him what I had done and begging him to keep it all secret. The return mail brought me a letter, telling me that he forgave me, that he hoped I was very happy and asked me to bring my husband to visit him. All this I let my husband read; but wrapped inside the letter was a small envelope which I concealed in my dress and read when I was alone. I have kept it until now; here it is, you may see it."

I took the old yellow envelope and drew the single slip of paper from it. It was a short, sad message. "Oh, my daughter, how you must have suffered! I do not blame you; the blame is all on me. I will keep it a secret and perhaps all will be well. Don't forget me, daughter, for you are all I have."

Presently Mrs. Higgins continued, "I was very happy for some time after my marriage; but as I saw how the people of the States regarded the negro, and especially

those of mixed blood, the awfulness of my sin began to dawn upon me. I worried about it through the day, and dreamed of it by night. I loved my husband dearly, and to know that if my lineage were discovered it would forever disgrace him, seemed more than I could bear. I determined that he should never know it.

"A year passed and daily my burden grew heavier. Then came the news of Fort Sumpter, and Bob left for the front.

"When he bade me goodbye he said, "Jeannette, I have not always been the man I might have been, but I am going to live straight from now on for your sake. If I am killed I shall wait for you until you come." Then he turned and walked down the path out there, never once looking back.

"I was glad that he was gone. I seemed to know that I would be punished for my sin; but I had prayed so fervently that he would never know, and I felt now that God was answering my prayer.

Days passed; letters came—letters full of tender love; and with every letter I wept with fear and remorse and anguish. Then the news came that he had fallen at Mill Springs. I did not weep then.

They brought my husband home to me with an ugly wound in his head. They laid his coffin on the table there in the drawing room, and draped the stars and bars over it, so that it hid his wounded brow. When the people were gone I crept to his casket and stood looking down into his face; and I was glad that it was so.

We buried him over in the old cemetery by the church. Three weeks after, my daughter was born. I had arranged everything; nobody was present but an old negro nurse who was very fond of me. She was our slave and I had told her all about my trouble, and she agreed to help me to keep my secret. She died two years after daughter's birth.

It was pretty hard to keep the baby out of sight at first, for the Higgins' had many friends who kept calling on us; but someone started a story that she was born with a deformed head, and that I did not want anyone to see her. I always imagined that my negro nurse was the originator of this story, but I never asked her.

"When I left the house I wore a black veil and as soon as daughter was old enough to go with me, I had her wear a black veil also. Even though my husband was dead, I felt as though I must preserve his honor.

"I had planned to go back home with my daughter and live with father, for I was sure he would take us in; but father died suddenly and soon I received a letter from his people, stating that my lineage was known and any attempt on my part to get my father's money would be thwarted and my history would be made known to my husband's people.

"There was enough of my husband's plantation left to support us, so I decided that we had best stay here. I let the lot grow up in vines and bushes. I even planted vines and shrubbery to make it denser. We shut ourselves back in this wilderness and never left the house unless heavily veiled. I taught my daughter what I could. We had all my father's books, so you can see our opportunities for study.

"We have lived this kind of life for over thirty years. Oh, I have been punished for my sin; and that is not the worst of it; my daughter has been forced to suffer also.

"God has forgiven my sin and I have borne my punishment unmurmuringly. I shall soon be gone; but I want my daughter to have her chance in life,—that is why I am telling you my story."

It had grown dark before she finished and after she was through, we sat for some time in silence; then the daughter noiselessly arose, glided from the room and returned with a lighted candle, which she placed upon the table.

"Yes," said the mother, "I shall soon go, and in the Heaven of the God whom I serve, there is no barrier of race, no octoroon, no mulattoes; but we shall be all one redeemed people, and I am sure that my husband will understand and that he will love me and we shall dwell together forever. Will we not?"

I felt her large black eyes again fastened upon me, and I hastened to answer that I was sure that she and her husband would be united again; I could not answer otherwise.

After telling her that I would be at her service whenever she needed me, I took my leave. As I walked down the old winding path, an owl suddenly gave forth a grewsome hoot in the tree above me. I shuddered. I paused at the gate and looked down upon the little city with its electric lights, large department stores and paved streets. I could hear the roar of the mills, the clatter of wagons, the honk of automobiles, the purring of a launch out on the river; and intermingled with it all, the strains of "Dixie," played by the city band out in the park. Before me lay all this; back of me was the dim gloom of '61. Before me, surging to and fro in the hustle of the little city, was north and south, east and west, all brushing against each other; they were brothers. Back of me were two beings as cultured and refined as any of the surging crowd on the city streets: yet these two were paying the penalty for violating the demands of society and nature, for transgressing one of the fundamental laws of the universe.

P. B. SMITH.



TAYLOR UNIVERSITY ECHO

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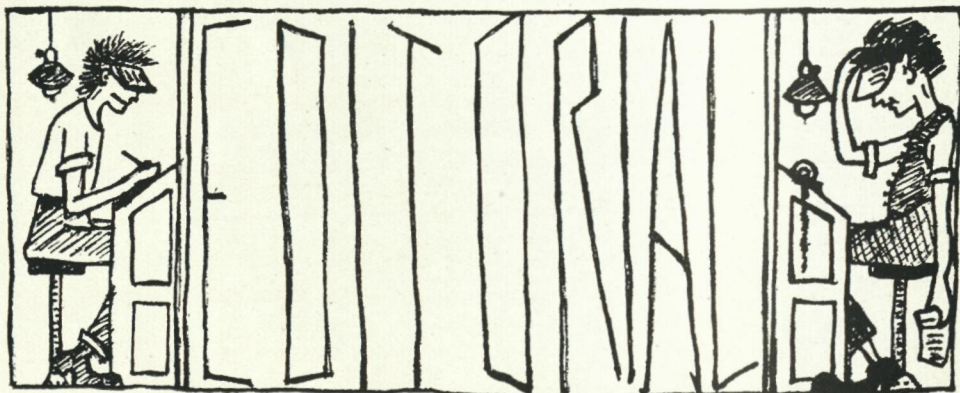
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Through the Echo, the voice of the students and alumni of Taylor University, greetings are extended to all who love the name of Taylor and believe in the great principles for which she so nobly stands.

The Echo staff wish all to co-operate with it to make this year the greatest in the history of the school paper. We can do this only when the alumni and the students come to realize that the paper belongs not to the Echo staff, but to every one who is interested in Taylor. You hold the key to the success of the paper. You have the news concerning yourselves and other students and alumni; we need it. You have many helpful suggestions that will help us improve our paper; we need them and shall appreciate all of them. You have friends who need the paper, that they may become acquainted with a great school; get their subscription and send it to us. I know of

nothing that will go farther towards creating and holding that love for Taylor and for those who have an interest in her welfare, than the Taylor University Echo.

Vacation time, the season of the year that passes the most rapidly of all, has again come to a close. Yet notwithstanding its many joys—for to be at home among loved ones is a joy beyond power to describe—there is a longing in the heart of every old student to be back at Taylor once more. There is a peculiar drawing power in the fellowship which exists here that cannot be withstood, and when September arrives, it does not seem so hard to say good-by to loved ones at home; for we realize that we are going to a place where that same home-spirit prevails.

To be about the campus and greet the students, old and new, as they come in from all quarters of the nation, is the truest pleasure. It freshens old memories, renews old acquaintances and forms new ones, and to each is imparted something of the personality of the other.

As the students mingle with one another it is impossible to tell whether the rich tan of their complexions was acquired in laboring in the harvest fields, or in selling books and brushes; or whether they received it while playing on the tennis courts or on the ball diamond. In fact to us it does not matter whether a student has to work for his education, or is supplied by his parents with plenty of means. There was a time when college training was regarded by many as for the aristocratic only. But that spirit has never invaded Taylor, and today the opportunities of a higher education are offered to all who are anxious for such training. Here the student who is compelled through poverty to labor and struggle in order to get that education of which he stands so much in need, is not looked down upon by those who have means, but is honored, respected and given a place on a par with those who have never been compelled to make their own way by the sweat of their brow. Many times it is found that the hard-working young man or woman takes honors ahead of those who are given plenty of money by their parents to pay their way through school. It is this spirit of fellowship and equality that has made Taylor University the power that she is today, and has enabled her to influence the lives of every class of people. Friends of Taylor, you need not be ashamed to direct young men and women to this school! You owe it to them, for Taylor can give them what they need to fit them for life's battles. You Alumni owe it to your Alma Mater, for it was here that you received your training, your vision, and the inspiration that has made you victorious.

Campaigning for T. U.

WARD W. LONG, A.B., '15.

When I was completing my summer's campaign for Taylor at the various camp-meetings through a few states of the middle west, a friend, knowing of my enrollment in Princeton since I was graduated from T. U., asked me whether I could, without a feeling of apology, or in true sincerity, heartily recommend Taylor University to the young people whom I had met. This to me seemed a fair question and deserving of a thoughtful answer; for this very question had been suggested to me by my own thinking as I had been attempting to do thoroughly the work which my position, as a field secretary for Taylor University, had imposed upon me. Hence I was prepared to answer without hesitancy, unequivocally; and my answer was an emphatic affirmative.

This compels me to say a word more by way of explanation. Though my experience in educational work is yet very limited, I think my friends will concede to me the right to express an opinion of appreciation of my Alma Mater relative to her place among schools. As far as I am acquainted with schools, both religious and secular, I believe Taylor University to be the best all-around undergraduate school in the field. This is not saying that Taylor is all that I could wish her to be; for she is not. No school is. But Taylor more nearly approaches my ideal of what a college

should be in training body, mind and spirit than any other that I know. Many schools excel in developing any one of these essential parts of our natures; but I believe none excels as does Taylor in developing the three, each in harmony with the other two. To develop body, mind and spirit, properly and harmoniously, alone can be regarded as adequate educational work. Hence my affirmative answer.

But to my assigned subject: I began my work as field secretary for Taylor University in the closing days of June. The swelteringly hot days and nights had not yet arrived. The weather seemed most kindly and genial; but before September rolled around its geniality seemed to turn into hostility. At times, Vulcan, himself appeared to be in charge of the atmosphere. I survived, however, and put in my appearance at Upland on the evening of September 5th.

I shall try to avoid wearying my readers with details of my many journeys, of my almost innumerable stops and of my much talking; for my travels extended over several thousand miles; my stops included more than twenty camp-meetings, and many wayside places; and my much talking, many public addresses and approximately half a thousand personal interviews with prospective students, donors and prospective supporters of Taylor University. To impose details of all this upon you would be as bad as to make you read Butler's Analogy or some Congressional Record. I was talking Taylor University all day long and dreaming about it at night. I gave the people Taylor University for breakfast, dinner and supper. If anybody looked at me inquiringly, automatically I began to talk Taylor University, or else to give him a circular to read while I was getting my breath.

The states visited in the interests of T. U. were Ohio, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Indiana, Michigan and Illinois. More time was spent in Ohio than in any other state, for here are located some of the great and old camp-meetings of the middle west. Among them are Sychar, Hollow Rock and Sebring. These with many other Ohio camps are places warm for Taylor; Sychar is particularly warm. In Pennsylvania at Old Ridge View Park camp, about fifty miles east of Pittsburgh, I found a most enthusiastic constituency for Taylor. That camp certainly believes in T. U. With those camps deserving special mention, I must, by all means, place two great Michigan assemblies. One is the great Methodist camp at Eaton Rapids. With a large attendance and a deep spirituality, it is one of the greatest camps I was ever in. The management was very friendly toward Taylor and let me do about as I pleased. This camp has in the past furnished T. U. with both money and students. In the future Taylor can expect hearty co-operation from this camp. The other Michigan camp worthy of special mention is Romeo. That camp, too, believes in Taylor.

Time and space fail me to say more about places in detail. In general I found the various camps looking toward Taylor with special favor and expecting great things from her. Some places and people were far more friendly than others; some places were passive because they didn't know Taylor. But as they came to know T. U., that passivity changes to active friendship and favor.

One of the most gratifying things in my work was to meet old Taylorites, some alumni and some former students, all of whom, as far as I could find out, were making good for God and humanity. These are Taylor's best advertisements. I met many whom I had known during the six years of my stay in T. U. To meet them again was like getting good news from home. They aided me greatly in my work and brought more cheer to my heart than they knew. May God bless the great Taylor Family!

In attempting to recall all whom I met my memory fails me. Hence I shall not endeavor to mention more than just a few. The greatest gathering of old Taylorites, I found, was at Camp Sychar, Mt. Vernon, Ohio. Chester Lewis, A.B., '12; Homer Chalfant, A.B., '14; Roy Knight, A.B., '15; Williamson, Middleton, Hunter and others, with a number of the present student body, graced that camp with their presence. We had a special Taylor meeting, which I hope will be an annual affair hereafter. We prayed and were blessed together. Our testimonies recalled sacred memories of other

days which were spent in dear old T. U. We closed with the Taylor song. You may know our hearts were cheered and lifted as we met with these old fellows and sang together,

Gladly our voices echo her praises,
Taylor, the school we love,
Gaily her colors float on the breezes,
They, our devotion prove.

At Hollow Rock camp in eastern Ohio, I was again greatly pleased when I found here Miss Wilella Fleming. Her generous hospitality proved that she was still a true school-friend and a loyal Taylorite in every sense. Here also I met a number of other old students. These, too, were making good. To the present student body it will be of special interest to know that this is the old home camp-meeting of Prof. Verne Westlake, the present head of the T. U. School of Music. It was my great pleasure here to meet him for the first time. Many of his pupils attended this camp. They know Westlake well, and spoke very highly in expressing their esteem for his genuine Christian character and for his musical art and his proficiency in teaching music.

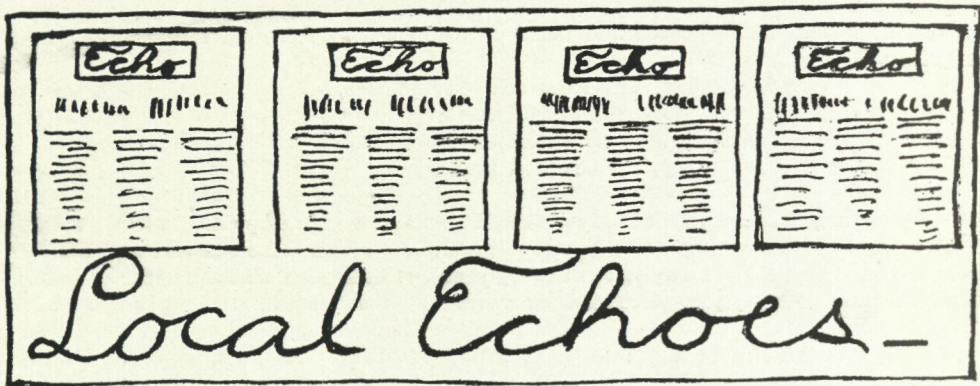
At the closing of the season's work my joy was well climaxed. It was at Oakland City, Indiana, in the extreme southwestern part of the state,, the old home town and camp of Mrs. Mary Dale Benton Reid, whom many old T. U. students knew as Miss Benton or Prof. Benton of the Latin department. Her husband had charge of the music at this camp. Oakland City is also the boyhood town of Mr. Reid. Mr. and Mrs. Reid were children together in school. Their marriage last June was a glorious initiation into the climax of their life-time acquaintance. At present they are engaged in gospel work with a Tabernacle Party in Texas. They did their best to make it pleasant for an old Taylorite and friend, and surely did succeed. Blessings on them in their happy union!

From here I hastened to Upland, rejoicing with exceeding great joy that I was facing some hope of having again some permanent place to lay my head. I felt I had been at enough camp-meetings to do me the rest of my days. I think hereafter I shall be better able to sympathize with St. Paul in his "journeyings often, in perils of waters, in weariness and painfulness, in hunger and thirst, in cold"—and in HEAT!

Good wishes to all the Taylor Family.

ATTENTION, STORY WRITERS.

A prize will be offered for the best Christmas story sent in to the Taylor University Echo by November 25th. All are invited to compete, whether in school or out, a graduate or a former student. The limit is 3,000 words. The judging will be impartial. Send your story in early.



The Trail of The Big Four

For a number of years Taylor University has sent out during the summer vacation a male quartet to represent the school. This quartet has traveled from place to place, has sung at the various cities, towns and camp-meetings, and in every possible manner has brought Taylor before the people. In former years the University songsters have been restricted to the territory near the school, but this year it was decided that they should make a tour of some of the eastern states.

The trip to General Conference which the quartet made in May under the management of Dr. Ridout was the fore-runner of this summer's excursion. In fact, the last eastern journey was made possible by the extensive advertising which the quartet from Taylor received as the result of the journey to Saratoga Springs, N. Y., when the Methodist General Conference met at that city. After listening to the quartet at Saratoga many people wished to hear them again and thus additional engagements were secured.

The quartet this year was composed of Robert Morris, first tenor and soloist; Ralph Johnson, second tenor and accompanist; Vere Abbey, first bass and reader, and John Leamon, second bass—and reporter. Mr. Morris, being considerably older than any of the other members was, on account of his advanced years, delegated to "boss" the quartet. Our leader was a very efficient one and his just and

reasonable commands were usually obeyed. A clash resulted only when "Bob" ordered the quartet to hold a three weeks' camp meeting at Bradford, Pa. Those who know that this is the home of Prof. Olmstead will understand why the boys suspected their leader of having other than professional motives in planning such a protracted meeting. As a result of the mutiny in the ranks this special engagement was given up—that is, the quartet's not Bobby's. Mr. Morris considered his managerial duties as a very serious and strenuous office. He felt that his appearance was hardly distinguished enough, and therefore, made many attempts to encourage a series of hairs to grow upon his upper lip. Everything went along well for about six weeks; but all at once Bobby noticed that the mustache was fiery red and the next morning the razor was vigorously and disgustedly applied, and the underbrush disappeared.

The itinerary of the quartet extended through New York state, Pennsylvania and New Jersey. The first engagements were filled in and around Little Falls, N. Y. Practically all of New York state was covered. We spent several days upon the St. Lawrence river, a week among the beautiful Adirondacks and a few days near the Hudson river. The quartet sang in some of the largest churches in the country. They appeared in Trenton, N. J., Reading, Pa., Herkimer and Little Falls, N. Y., and in the Calvary, Frankford and Siloam M. E. churches in Philadelphia. We passed

through New York City, but the people of that over-grown village seemed to be so occupied and rushed with the business cares of life that we decided that perhaps they would not have leisure to listen to even such a distinguished quartet as ours was trying to be.

Besides singing at the various churches the quartet visited several camp meetings. A few days were spent at Wilmington Camp, N. Y., where Dr. Ridout met us, as he did at the Reading (Pa.) meeting. We sang at camps at Pitman Grove, N. J., at Dampster, N. Y., and at Richland, N. Y., where Dr. Vayhinger was preaching.

Concert work formed a conspicuous part of the summer's routine of business. Almost without exception the audiences were delighted with the program of sacred, secular and patriotic songs, solos and readings. At Siloam church in Philadelphia, a crowd of six hundred greeted the quartet. The night was hot and sultry but the William Pennites were heartless. They incessantly clapped their hands until an hour and forty minutes had passed, when the quartet was forced to retire on account of the extreme heat. Usually a number of negro selections were rendered during the program but on this occasion we refrained from singing any of these numbers, as there was a substantial looking negress in the audience. However, as the crowd demanded more and more we were forced to fall back upon our colored songs. We sang a typical negro song with its abundance of swing, movement and humor. The colored lady certainly was aroused, but happily her enthusiasm in place of her anger was kindled and she at once fell into the spirit of the song. She swayed to and fro and as the singing continued she poured forth her merriment in loud falsetto laughter. When the music had ceased her merriment still remained and thus she continued to laugh and sway as heartily as ever. The audience, of course, joined in the fun and a very lively period of laughter ensued. Finally, but with much difficulty, the colored lady controlled her bubbling spirits and the program was continued.

During the summer the quartet met several people who are now, or have been, connected with Taylor. We sang at Roy Knight's charge at Plattekill, N. Y. We met

Miss Irene Dill, Prof. Olmstead and a number of the students who are now at Taylor.

The experiences of quartet life are many and varied. The magnificent scenery among the Thousand Islands and in the Adirondack mountains was wonderful to men from the flat Middle West; the sights to be viewed from a big league ball stand in Philadelphia or New York City were surely thrilling to a small town but enthusiastic base ball fan. It was most interesting to explore the depths of a coal mine, but we breathed more freely when we again saw the light of the well-known sun. These are a few of the enjoyable experiences; but of course some things we encountered were less pleasant. We were never in severe peril of the sword, robbers, or ship wreck, but we did participate once in a Ford wreck and narrowly escaped twenty-one similar accidents in automobiles. Much anxiety was also caused by the fact that our first bass was so extremely handsome that the ladies were constantly attempting to kidnap him. This danger was generally averted by the timely arrival of the second bass. Then again, our second tenor behaved finely, sang sweetly when he was awake, but during the night he poured forth such unearthly guttural sounds that he was in constant danger of being arrested for breach of the peace. These unfortunate drawbacks were but passing phantoms and as a whole the trip was surely an interesting, beneficial and enjoyable one.

The principal question which will be asked is whether or not the quartet was successful—did it accomplish the things for which it set out? We sincerely believe that it did. The main object of the quartet was to give publicity to Taylor and to secure students for the school. There are a number of students at Taylor now who came here directly through the influence of the male quartet and we believe that many more will come in the next few years.

Financially, also, the quartet was a success. The traveling expenses were necessarily high and yet a creditable sum was turned in at the office, our gross income having been \$700.00. The eastern people are very generous and supported us nobly.

Lastly, and most important of all, the Lord surely blessed our work. Even be-

yond our own hopes men's hearts are hungry for God. We depended upon Him to guide and direct our work and we sincerely believe that He blessed our singing to the hearts of the people. The East surely received us splendidly. In many places the call came to come again. Dr. Ridout says that the advertising which Taylor received

as a result of the two eastern trips which were taken by the quartet will have lasting and valuable influences on the school. We believe and hope that this is so and that in the years to come Taylor will continue to reap the benefits of the work which our quartet did for its Alma Mater.

JOHN LEAMON.

Taylor University and Methodism

Taylor University holds a special relationship to Methodism. We call the school after Bishop William Taylor, Methodism's great Apostolic Bishop; and all through the years our school has sent hundreds of preachers into the Methodist pulpits and mission fields. This year Methodism is receiving a new emphasis in our curriculum in two new courses.

1. In the Seminary Course—Theological School—page 54 of catalogue reads: "All students in any course preparing for the ministry in the Methodist Episcopal church are required to take a course of one hour a week for one year on the history, polity and doctrines of the M. E. church."

2. History of Methodism—"A study of

the Methodist movement from its beginning to the present day. Of special importance to all students for the Methodist ministry."

Both courses are under the direction of Dr. Ridout, who has been for many years a close student of Methodism and who has written many articles for the religious press on Methodist history, etc.

The faculty of Taylor University is convinced that in these days of general falling away from the standard set up by the fathers, our school should make a special effort to drill Methodist ministerial students in old-fashioned Methodist doctrines and send them forth to preach and build up Methodist churches after the pattern set up by John Wesley.

Taylor's Improvements

Not since the summer of 1911, when Taylor saw the building of the new music hall and of the heating plant, has the University experienced such a season of marked growth in equipment as that of the summer which has just passed. Two new buildings: the Swallow Robin Dormitory for girls, a large up-to-date barn, and a silo are the 'worth while' improvements which the school has made this year.

The work of preparation for the new dormitory was begun in the latter part of June when old Speicher and Aunt Sue Reed's former home were moved to lots west of the old location. This work accomplished, the excavation for the new building was begun on the fifth of July. Since that time the foremen, Mr. Hollan Brown of Upland and Mr. Samuel Plato of Marion, assisted by a number of imported

carpenters and hard working students, have pushed the work on this new structure and at the present writing we have reason to believe that another month will see its completion. This fine monument to the memory of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Swallow is a four-story building constructed with a rough faced, red-brown brick, and when completed will make a beautiful home for at least fifty young women.

The new barn and silo, located south of the University, are the gift of Mrs. McGrew, who last spring made the fine proposition by which the college was able to obtain its seventy-acre farm.

With these improvements completed and the prospects looking bright for the addition of a new library and dining hall the future of Taylor University seems to promise great things.

B. R. P.

The Seniors Elect

On October the fourth, ever to be remembered as a historic date in the memories of its members, the senior class of Taylor University met in solemn conclave in room 7 in Maria Wright Hall for the first meeting. The business, needless to say, was conducted with such decorum and dignity as only our honored seniors can show. The matter in hand was the election of officers, both for the class and for the staff of the "Gem," the college biennial. The results were as follows:

Class Officers.

PresidentMr. N. E. Hanson
Vice-PresidentMr. C. J. Bushey
SecretaryMiss Lonerzang
TreasurerMiss Ruth Copley

ChaplainMr. Leslie Brooke
ReporterMiss Gladys Miller
Sergeant-at-ArmsMr. P. B. Smith
Alternate Sgt-at-Arms.....Mr. Floyd Barrett

Gem Staff.

Editor-in-ChiefMr. W. F. Patterson
Literary EditorMr. P. B. Smith
Art EditorMr. Floyd Barnett
Religious EditorMr. C. J. Bushey
Organization EditorMr. Leslie Brooke
Alumni EditorMiss Helen Smith
Academy EditorMiss Lenna Neff
Chronicler and Sec.....Miss Beatrix Graves
Business ManagerMr. N. E. Hanson
Asst. Business Manager.....
.....Mr. Floyd Barnett
Asst. Business Manager.....Mr. Glenn Coplin

Mr. Hughes in Marion

Charles Evans Hughes, Republican candidate for President, delivered a fifteen-minute speech at Marion on Friday, September the 22nd. He was to have spoken thirty minutes, but was unable to do so on account of his special train running about two hours late. The enormous crowd—from ten to twelve thousand people—which gathered from all over the eleventh Congressional District, very enthusiastically applauded the candidate when he made his appearance on the platform. Hughes begun his speech without any unnecessary preliminaries.

He said that he represented a re-united party; that those—referring to the Progressives—who four years ago were opponents, were now colleagues in a common cause. After emphasizing the solidarity of the party, the candidate said that the Republican party had been and is now the friend of labor. He then reviewed the legislative record of his party, calling to mind that it was the party which first enacted safety appliance laws for railroads, laws which regulated the hours of service, and various other laws of similar character

pertaining to the interests of the laboring classes. He said that ours was a country of the plain people, and that a party could not be really American which did not represent the cause of the masses. In proof of this friendly attitude toward labor which he represented himself and his party to hold, he read an editorial from one of the leading Democratic papers of New York, which was written soon after Hughes was appointed to the Supreme bench, for Democrats had no idea then that he would enter politics again. This editorial was a review of his work as governor of New York, and spoke in the most complimentary terms of his achievements in behalf of the laboring classes. One of the candidate's statements in connection with the attitude of his party toward labor was that "the party should stand for justice to labor from the standpoint of facts." This was undoubtedly a thrust at the Admanson law, for Mr. Hughes has repeatedly asserted that this law was not based upon investigation, but was hurriedly forced through Congress by the leaders of the four railroad brotherhoods by means of the threat of a nation-wide strike.

After strongly affirming that the Republican party was the friend of labor the candidate began a defense of the protective tariff. He said that protective tariff was our only assurance of substantial prosperity, and reminded the audience of the fact that the country's greatest prosperity had been under Republican rule, and that its panics and periods of financial depression had been largely the product of the Democratic free trade policy. The Underwood tariff law was then vigorously attacked and was shown to be the father of the hard times which the country suffered during the eighteen months of the Wilson administration which just preceded the European war. The present prosperous condition of the country he claimed was abnormal and altogether the product of the war; and had it not been for the war, he

very emphatically declared, the Underwood law would have caused unprecedented business depression in the country.

Hughes closed his speech with a few general statements as to the principles of the party. He said that the party stood not only for justice to labor but to all classes; that his party was the party of all the people, not of any one class; and that if put into power it would show justice for all and favor to none. His last proclamation, that if elected he would defend American rights whenever those rights were infringed upon, brought forth enthusiastic and prolonged applause.

After the speech by Mr. Hughes the chairman introduced Mrs. Hughes to the crowd which cheered her heartily. The party then left by special train for North Manchester.

The Faculty Recital

Shreiner Auditorium was the center of interest, on the evening of Sept. 29th, at Taylor University. The occasion was the initial Faculty recital, presenting Miss Cosette Beard, the new head of the violin department, assisted by Miss Helen Raymonde, soprano, and Miss Nellie Smith, pianist. A large and thoroughly appreciative audience assembled and enthusiastically voiced its sincere appreciation of every number on the evening's program. Miss Beard performed four groups of master violin numbers by such eminent composers as Kreisler, de Beriot, Alard, Hubay and Wieniawski, completely captivating her hearers by her superb technic and soul-

ful interpretation. Taylor University is proud to claim this youthful, talented lady as a member of its efficient faculty body and confidently expects to note the rise of the new department to a position of influence and authority second to that of no similar institution in the country. Miss Raymonde delighted us with numbers from Buck, Thayer and Wells, and Miss Smith pleasingly executed the Beautiful Blue Danube Arabesque, by Schulz-Evler, and the Elfe, by Phillip. A series of recitals will be inaugurated for the season under the direction of Prof. A. Verne Westlake, the first of which will be given October 9th, by advanced pupils of the Director.

Holiness League

The first meeting of the Holiness League for the term was a time of earnest waiting on God. The service was led by the president. The subject chosen was, "The Coming of the Holy Spirit." The leader emphasized the fact that the Holy Spirit comes only to those who tarry until they be endued with power, although the time of waiting need not necessarily be ten days, as with the disciples; for the essential condi-

tion is the preparation of our hearts. Then and only then will the Holy Spirit come to abide.

The next meeting, held September 29, was led by Prof. Shaw. His subject was, "The Awakening of the Preacher" or "A Vision in Regard to the Ministry." Every prophet had this experience of receiving a vision of his work, and consequently became a man with a message. The four steps of Isaiah's vision were: First, an

awakening which took him into the temple; second, he saw God: men will doubtless obtain a vision of God in a temple, or, in other words, in a religious attitude; third, he received a vision of himself: No man ever saw God without feeling his own unworthiness; fourth, he received a vision of the people. It is important to notice that one who has had a vision of God and of himself, has a message, loving, kind, and true, showing God's yearning toward the lost sheep. His message is also frank and unbending, failing not to declare the whole counsel of God, amidst whatever opposition or persecution it may bring. This vision cannot come until one has been out

in the ministry, seeing the great need, and is also walking close to God.

The leader said concerning holiness preaching that much of it had lost its soul. In other words, there are many who preach the theory of holiness without any life or fire in it; heeding not the example of Paul, who said, "I come not to you in word only, but also in power."

These lectures are better heard than read. All who wish to prove that fact, come to the league.

The purpose of the meetings is to help any who are interested, to obtain a vital experience of holiness. All are given a cordial invitation to attend.

The Extension Department of Taylor University Conservatory of Music

Music is a subject which has been greatly neglected. What one learns of most subjects is soon forgotten, because the occasion does not demand its use often enough to retain it in one's memory; but almost every day, circumstances demand a practical use of one's musical knowledge.

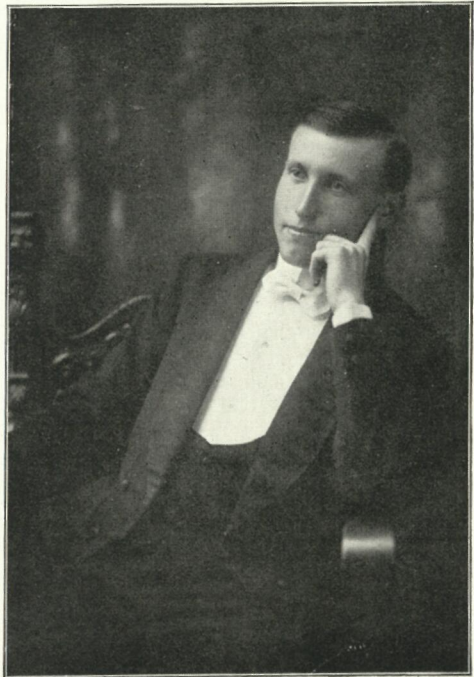
Now, the state expects of its teachers in the public schools quite a comprehensive grasp of the materials to be presented, together with a pedagogical and psychological understanding, by means of which hundreds of young people are foiled in perpetrating an outrage on the innocent public as a result of incompetent instruction.

In music, no such safe-guard has been maintained, and Susan Jones, after taking a dozen lessons from her aunt, who knows little or nothing about music, may "get up a class" in a community, and the gullible public will lend hearty patronage.

In view of this condition, Taylor University is inaugurating a system whereby the towns for many miles around may be protected in their study of music.

A Normal Teacher's Training class has been established, in which teachers receive a thorough equipment for their work. This course demands that each prospective teacher bring a pupil to class twice per week, at which time the teaching material is systematically and lucidly presented to the pupil and teacher, and an outline given

for each lesson as it is to be presented. Teaching pieces are given which are graded



A. Verne Westlake.

and analyzed, every teaching point is presented, and a teacher's round table main-

tained, at which all timely teaching problems are solved, and the young teacher starts in with an equipment more sufficient than the ordinary teacher could command in twelve or fifteen years.

These certificated teachers are then sent out into the surrounding vicinities with their credentials, representing the standards of the main school and authorized to give credits toward graduation to those students studying in their own community. This brings the college advantages to the home until such time as the pupil has arrived at an age and advancement to enter the main school. With such preparation graduation can be speedily accomplished, much time and money saved, and bad habits avoided.

Such extensions are to be maintained in Upland, Hartford City, Gas City, Jonesboro, Marion, Dunkirk, Red Key, Muncie, Anderson and all other towns within a radius of twenty-five miles of the institution.

The following teachers will be identified with one or more of these places: Mr. A. Verne Westlake, Misses Leah Miles, Nelle Smith, Marguerite Bugher, Irene Kempis, Ethel Knisely, Cosette Beard, Francis Ekis, Sylvia Beard, Helen Raymonde Clarice Phillips, Dolores Ramsey, Dorothy Cummings, Sylvia Davis, Mrs. Aldred Wigg, Pearl Peters and others.

Courses are offered in Piano, Voice, Violin, Pipe Organ, Harmony, Musical History, etc.

A VERNE WESTLAKE.

Thalo-Philo Reception

Saturday night, September 30th, the Thalo-Philo reception for the new students was held in the gymnasium. This is an annual event at Taylor and every effort is made to make the evening a success. The reception Saturday night proved to be no exception to the rule, as everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy the evening.

The reception in the gymnasium was preceded by a short, but very interesting program, rendered in the auditorium. The hall was crowded at eight o'clock when the society presidents, P. B. Smith and Joseph Immler, took their places on the platform. After Prof. Shaw had pronounced the invocation, Miss Margaret Bugher and Miss Leah Miles rendered a piano duet which was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

Warner Patterson held the crowd breathless during his reading, "A Man Overboard." Purcil Parker favored us with a stirring vocal solo,—"Spuddy" sang splendidly and the audience heartily applauded the selection. Miss Beard, the new violin teacher, played a violin solo. She was forced, by the storm of applause which followed her first number, to respond by an encore. Prof. Olmstead then sang, as only she can, a vocal solo entitled "Ishtar". Of course this number was greatly enjoyed by all, for Prof. Olmstead always delights her listeners. The last number on the program was a selection by the Taylor Uni-

versity Male Quartet. The boys sang, "The Old Flag Never Touched the Ground," and when called upon for a second number they sang, "The Perfect Day."

The reception in the gymnasium now followed. The gymnasium was appropriately and beautifully decorated with autumn leaves, flags, flowers and society pennants. Some very interesting and amusing games helped all present to get acquainted with those whom they did not know. After unique and delicious refreshments had been served the reception came to a close.

We believe that the respective committees are to be congratulated upon their work which was responsible for the success of the occasion. The evening was enjoyed by all and we hope that it united the old and the new Taylorites in a closer band of fellowship and friendship.

JOHN LEAMON.

THE EULOGONIAN DEBATING CLUB.

The first meeting for the year 1916-17 was held on Saturday, September 23, and was attended by a large, appreciative audience. As usual the program was helpful and inspiring. The club was called to order by the president, L. A. White; and after the devotional exercises conducted by

Mr. Rasmussen, the club moved immediately to the order of the evening.

The question for the evening as debated was: Resolved, "That war is beneficial to a nation." The work of the affirmative was mainly in presenting clear, forceful, and convincing constructive argument. The work of the first speaker, Mr. McCutcheon, was mainly to prove the benefits of war to the people as a nation, while his colleague, Mr. P. B. Smith, proved how war was benefitting the spiritual life of individuals.

The first speaker on the negative, Mr. F. P. Parker, gave as proof against the arguments of the affirmative, the evident evils of warfare, while his colleague, I. W. Kolburg, entered into the heart of the question with strong and convincing arguments. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of the negative.

The club is grateful for so large an audience on its opening night and especially appreciates the fact that the ladies so graciously accepted the invitation and were present in such large numbers.

Our second regular debate was held on September 30. The question discussed was: "Resolved, That Pres. Wilson should have a second term of office in preference to Mr. Hughes." Messrs. Birmingham and Chea upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. Hanover and Crabtree defended the negative. The debate was very close, but the judges decided in favor of the negative.

With many victories in the past to encourage us, our club is looking forward to a year of success.

Not only are we expecting to put up our best fight to keep the banner but we aim for every Eulogonian to make marked progress in the art of debating.

Personal development for every member, is our motto.

PERSONALS—THE FACULTY.

Dr. Vayhinger, our president, is in Washington, D. C., attending the Annual Convention of the National Local Preacher's Association.

Prof. Munro is making her English classes "toe the mark." Prof. Harder has a large beginner's Greek class and is doing fine work. Prof. Haberman in Latin work is also setting a high standard. Prof.

Theobald is a "live wire" in the Commercial Department. Prof. Smith has a small (?) class in Ancient History—only 55!

Dean Ayres, as usual, has his hands full—they hardly give him time to eat his meals.

Dr. Wray sometimes waxes hot in the class room—particularly if there is a "higher critic" around. The doctor is orthodox through and through!

Prof. Shaw sounds the note, "Prophetic Preaching," in the Ministerial Association.

Dr. Ridout has two classes in "Methodism". He wants Methodist preachers to know the Methodist Catechism, Discipline, Hymn Book and Dictines.

Prof. Peavy—Well what he cannot teach is a wonder. His Biology class at 4:30 keeps some ministerial students away from theological meetings, but their time will come some day.

Prof. Zimmerman knows how to teach German. You are liable to a fine or a lecture if you speak English in that class.

LOCALS.

By the way things looked Sunday night, Dan Cupid has already registered.

Several of the boys are tenderly nursing the hope of a mustache. Tim Williams could not wait long enough so he helped Nature out with a little burnt cork. But what he put on his face he has more than shaved off his head, according to the economic law of compensation.

Rev. and Mrs. Frank Young, former students of T. U., and daughters, Fernmae and Arlice, also Mr. and Mrs. Rice, and Mr. Ritenhouse of Liberty Mills, were visitors here Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Salter were quite royally serenaded on their arrival here. They have taken apartments at the Otto Michel residence and are keeping house.

Miss Hults became Mrs. McIntosh, shortly before school began. Miss Ruth Copley was bride's maid, Miss Hults' brother was groom's man, Miss Miller played the march and Prof. Shaw tied the knot. Mac is happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Rassmussen live in the Moore property. Rassmussen broke the record for young married couples last Saturday night: he "got out" to debating club.

Carl Puterbaugh, who comes to us from Brother Cortner's Student charge, spent Sunday with his parents near Greenville, Ohio.

Miss Reka Topp has accepted the position as assistant cook. She and Mother Lewis have been giving us some excellent dishes lately.

Sept. 28th. Potato salad for supper! Yum, yum!

The Economics class decided that it was all right to send to Sears, Roebuck & Co. for your groceries, but that it was not right to make Daddy Holmes trust you when you are out of money and then trade with the mail order house when you had some cash.

You should read the life of Sammy Morris, for then you can better understand the spirit that broods over Taylor.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself has said, the "Echo" is my own, my own school paper!!!!!!

Mr. Marquie and P. B. Smith had a heated discussion about the war the other evening. It was all the more intense because Mr. Marquie spoke French and P. B. murdered the Kaiser's German and neither could understand what the other said.

Mr. Patterson had his first taste of paw-paws last week. He very artistically said, "They taste like a mixture of ice cream, muskmelon, bananas and kerosene."

Rev. Sharp filled the pulpit at the Brethren church Sunday.

Steele is buying the groceries for the college this year.

Mont Oliver has taken Ellinghouse's place as head waiter. Mont keeps everything going smoothly at the dining hall.

Fred Hall distinguished himself the other day by fixing John William's engine and using it to fill the college silo.

The buying committee for the societies drove to Marion in Mr. Jennings's car Friday. Mr. Jennings drove so fast that Smith's glasses flew off, Norvelle nearly

froze, and Miss Merle Stephens was forced to clutch her hat with both hands.

Jonas Fuller, Mont Oliver and Roy Michel have regular charges this year.

Try a hair cut a la mode. For directions and references see Tim Williams or Hooks.

How much sweet cider may, might, could, should or would one man drink at one time? Ask Harm.

Mr. Jenkins was called home on account of sickness, and Mr. Norvelle has accepted his position at the Golden Eagle.

Henry Schlarb has purchased a car, in order that he may get about on his charge quickly.

All enjoyed themselves at the Philo-Thalo gala Saturday evening. Those peaches were great, and say! weren't those sandwiches delicious? How do you make them? Ask the Misses Stephens.

We are already seeing signs of the approaching basket ball season. Get in practice boys and give us the most hotly contested games that the old gym has ever seen.

Judging from the pawpaw seeds around Sickler there must have been an immense crop this year.

Ask Henry Schlarb what he dropped Saturday night!

Mr. Pogue tried to, and Mr. Harm did, murder two peaceful, law-abiding rabbits the other day.

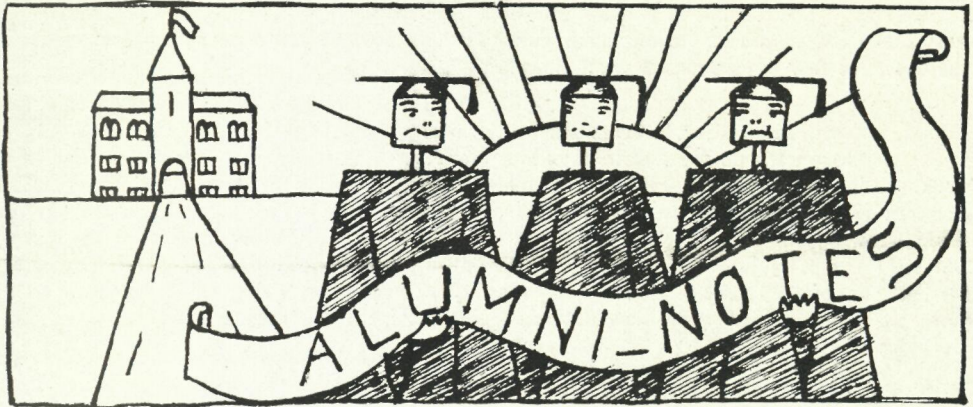
The boy's prayer-meetings are seasons of help and uplift. They have been well attended since school opened. He who misses hearing these testimonies and prayers is missing a great deal, indeed.

First Student: "Say, Professor caught me mimicking him today."

Second Student: "He did, what did he say?"

First Student: "He said I should quit making a fool of myself."

You can't drive a nail with a sponge, no matter how hard you soak it.



Miss Iris Abbey is back at Union College this year. She likes the South very well. Prof. E. T. Franklin, ex-President of I. H. U. and ex-Vice President of Asbury, is at the head of the college. With Prof. and Mrs. Franklin at the head and Miss Abbey teaching German and Latin we must look for great things from Union College.

We have just received word that Mr. J. E. Eason has been married: one more Taylorite under the yoke. We note with interest the rate at which our graduates develop into Benedicts.

Mr. W. F. Crozier, who was here in 1916-17-18, and who has since spent some time in the Philippines, and Miss Maude Louise, were united in marriage. Mr. Crossier was here on a visit last year and gave us some interesting talks on the work in the Philippines. Mr. and Mrs. Crossier will make their homes in Los Angeles, Cal.

Prof. Hernandez, of the University of Michigan, who was with us a few days ago, and Miss Brooks, were married at Broad Ripple, Sept. 25th. Mr. and Mrs. Hernandez will make their home at 213 S. Observatory St., Ann Arbor, Mich.

Vere Abbey, class of '16, is teaching Chemistry in the High School at Brown's Valley, Minn. He also has charge of the Orchestra and is taking an active part in church work. Vere writes that he is enjoying his year there.

Rev. Ernest Giggy and wife visited their old friends at Taylor for a few days at the beginning of school. Mr. Giggy took his

A.B. degree with the class of '15. He has been appointed to the Hartford City Circuit. We expect him to be over to visit us often.

Chester Lewis is studying at Princeton this year.

Miss Belle Guy, class of '15, and Expression, class of '16, is teaching in New Jersey. Miss Guy spent the summer at Chautauqua, N. Y. It seems that Cupid summered there, too, for Brooke has returned and he does not deny that Miss Guy is to become Mrs. Brooke. Oh, Cupid, thou dost work in sundry ways and in divers manners!

Mr. J. D. Druschel, A.B., '16, is now filling the position of publicity man for the Prohibition Party. In a recent letter he states that he has all the work he can attend to. (This is quite natural). He is editor of the Prohibition News Sheet, and has a fine office. He also reports the prohibition news to three daily papers. Mr. Druschel is the Prohibition candidate for Representative in Indiana. After election is over he will go to Washington to take up Prohibition work there. We certainly miss Doc this fall and his vacant room on the corner makes us homesick.

O. B. Brubaker, A.B., '16, is teaching in a private school in Salesburg, Pa. He writes that everything is ideal, that the boys are of the right "stuff" and that it is a pleasure to work with them. There are twelve men on the school faculty, "the kind

it does one good to know." One of the most oft-repeated phrases around our campus the first few days was, "I wish Brugie were here."

Prof. Brown, Paul, Prof. Hernandez and T. P. Lee were with us for a few days last week. All old Taylorites have a warm place in their hearts for our ex-registrar, Prof. Brown, and were delighted to have him lead Chapel again. Paul says, "It is good to be back." Prof. Hernandez was quite at home among our new Spanish-speaking students.

When the nation called for men,
They heard it down at T. U.,
Poets at Wabash, dudes at DePauw,
And the half backs of old Purdue.

Sons of sires who marched
Where Wallace led the way,
Sons of mothers who smile through tears,
On each memorial day.

We fight on the football field,
We clash with debate and pen,
But one yell for the flag,
And one name on the shirt,
When the bugle blows for men.

Indiana pays her toll,
Best of her brain and brawn,
Swarming at post and on tugging train,
O'er the glimmering rails they're gone.

Room then on glorious scroll,
For the blacksmiths of Purdue,
Poets from Wash, dudes from DePauw,
Josh and Olga from old T. U.

—(Adapted.)

Mr. Tressler of class of '16, will begin his studies at Drew Seminary this winter. Mr. Tressler intends to go to the African field, and we admire his judgment in thoroughly fitting himself for his life's work.

Rev. George Snider, class of '16, is preaching at Geneva. We miss your golden smile, George, but our loss is some other's gain.

Stewart Stoke, who graduated with the class of '16, is employed in the Nordyke-Marmon automobile factory in Indianapolis. He is assistant time-keeper and production clerk. Herschel Stoke is in Wesley College in Texas this year.

Fred Hill is pastor of the church in which Homer Kirk preached last year.

Mr. Rankin and his sister of Montana bring us tidings from Dora Regester Forman. Dora says, "I have the best man on earth."

Frank Young reports all things well at Liberty Mills. Frank has a Ford (in disguise). Mrs. Young inherited a fortune this summer and like all good Taylorites, about the first thing they did was to remember their Alma Mater.

It has been reported that Von Hansen is contemplating attending school at Pasadena, Cal. We hope that this is only rumor, however, and that we will see Von Hansen back among us again.

Miss Emily Strong is attending the Cincinnati Bible school this year.

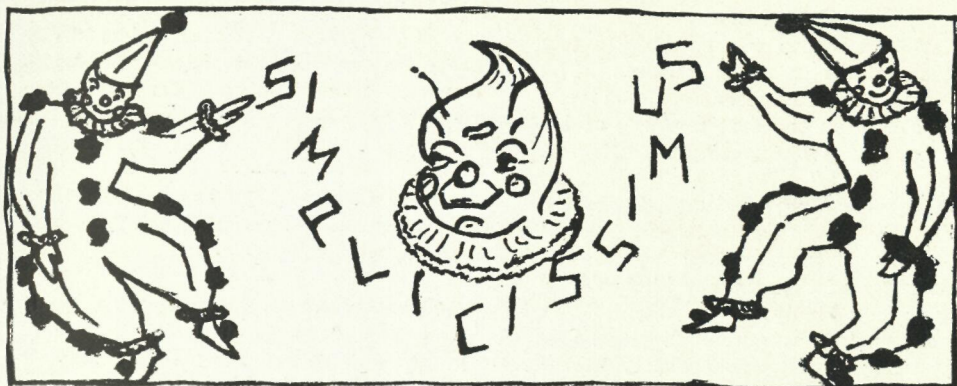
T. P. was here only for a short time. He is happy as ever and it seemed like old times to have him back with us. Mr. Lee has won a very good scholarship which will more than pay his expenses at Ann Arbor, until he takes his M.D. T. P. is one of the best of our T. U. students, the kind who is bound to succeed.

Bill Steward is principal of the High School in Hardy, Iowa. He says he enjoys his work, although he is kept busy nearly all the time. Bill teaches Manual Training and Science besides overseeing the school.

ALL STUDENTS WHO ARE OUT IN THE WORK WHERE THE GRADUATES ARE, PLEASE LET THE ALUMNI EDITOR HEAR FROM YOU. ALSO IF YOU KNOW OF ANY OLD TAYLORITES LET US HEAR ABOUT THEM. WE WANT TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH "THE FAMILY."

Miss Mabel Rich, a former student of Taylor University, is in Fairmont, Ind., in charge of the Music Department of the Wesleyan Methodist Theological Seminary.

Mother Giles, who has had charge of the T. U. dining hall for six years, has accepted a position at Monnett Hall, Chicago, but Taylor is still dear to her and she writes, "I sometimes think I would be willing to come back and do the hard work again just to be with all the dear ones there."



Philosophy I.

Mr. Mott: Professor, if the eye nerve and the ear nerve were to be cut off and interchanged would we then hear lightning and see thunder?

From the Registrar's office.

Geo. B. Watt.

Parent or Guardian: Mrs. G. B. Watt.

Prof. Peavy: The Amoeba has no feet, no hands, no mouth, no eyes, no ears, and no definite form.

Mr. Miller: What has it got then?

He Didn't Attend College at T. U.

"Your son graduated from college this year, did he not?"

"He did. I've got him in the office with me now."

"That's a good idea."

"I don't know about that, I've had to hire two extra office boys to keep him supplied with cigarettes." He wasn't from T. U.

The Freshman.

Solomon and Socrates

Were the wisest of men

In their day. But, of course,

I wasn't living then.

It Couldn't Stand the Shock.

"Confound the luck!"

"What's the trouble now?"

"I sent a poem to the Echo, and now I see that it has failed."

"Too bad! But cheer up. Maybe they won't sue you for damages."

Southern Fever.

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestiddy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What he done got de matter of'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun, and seems as well as anyone, but he can't do any work at all."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what you brothe' got! Dat's a gif'!"

Mental Telepathy.

Two new students were standing in front of the new Dorm.

"This is the a-er-whatyoumaycallit building, aint it?" asked one.

"Uhhuh," replied the other.

When Cows Were Scarce.

J. A. H. Punster, looking anxiously into the depths of the milk pitcher, brought in almost empty: I believe this is "condensed" milk.

This May Explain Why Some of the Library Publications Come up Missing.

Tommy arrived home one day with a nice golf ball. "Look at the lost ball I found on the links, pa," he said.

"But are you sure, Tommy," asked his father, "that it was a lost ball?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy. "I saw the man and his caddie looking for it."

Good as a Clock.

A Methodist bishop was spending a few days with an old friend in Virginia. The bishop was an early riser and was very much gratified on the first morning of his arrival to hear someone singing, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Upon investigating, he found it was the colored mammy who was getting breakfast ready. The bishop sauntered up to the open doorway of the summer kitchen, and looking in said kindly:

"Good morning. I am much pleased to hear you singings hymns so early in the morning. Have you experienced religion?"

"Ligion nothin'," replied the cook. "Ah always sings dat hymn when ah boils aigs—two verses fo' soft, and three fo' hard."

What Did She Mean?

Miss Modern—Do you suppose that one could catch disease from kisses?

Mrs. Wise—Well, I caught a husband.

Quite a Bit.

There's a difference between being well informed and knowing it all.

Prof. Wray to Tim Williams: "Mr. Williams, Mr. William Williams, what verse in the Bible describes the college student?"

Tim very thoughtfully: "They toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Heard in Chapel: "The human mind has infinite resources for resisting the introduction of knowledge."

A woodpecker sat on a freshman's head,
And settled down to drill;
He pecked and pecked for a half a day,
And then—he broke his bill.

(J. A. H.)

Schlarb, disturbed from his study by a sound outside his room—"Who's that splitting wood out there?"

Robson, looking out of the window—
There's no one splitting wood. It's just a couple of Freshmen boxing."

"Prof." Harm: What kind of a verb is that?

Bright Student: An adverb.



Berea College is rejoicing over many improvements that have been added during the summer, the most important of which is a modern Ladies Hall, capable of housing one hundred, and Tolcott Hall which will be finished by Christmas with room for another hundred.

Delaware College Review reports that the past summer has been very fruitful in adding improvements to the campus.

The Richmond High School has found that Bible study with credit towards graduation is a real success. Why shouldn't it be tried in every High School?

Dan Cupid works hard past summer, says the Collegian Reporter. Same here!

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photographed hundreds of Taylor students,
and pleased them.
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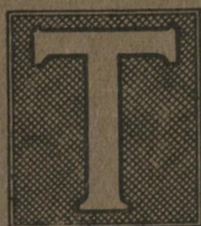
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